HEARTH & BOUDOIR.

THE CHAPERON.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD

FASHIONABLE DINNERS WHERE WOMEN ARE THE SOLE GUESTS—THEY WEAR THEIR PRETTIEST GOWNS, TOO.

A house party with the thermometer over a hundred in the shade argues anything but pleasure for either hostess or guests. Fancy the agonies of the visitors and visited during the hot wave which recently made life almost unendurable in the immediate vicinity of New-York!

"Never will I forget that miserable week!" exclaimed the hostess afterward. "Ten utterly wilted and miserable young people, whose lives I did not dare to risk out in the blazing sun until after 5 p. m. No sailing (there was not a breeze in the Sound, and the sky looked like copper), no riding, no golf—nothing wherewith to amuse them. To sit on the shady side of the veranda and partake of cold drinks and talk of the heat was the one occupation. Approval of the 'shirt waist man' was passed by acclamation. I gave free permission to the young men to come to dinner without coats. And very well they looked, by the way, with neatly belted waists and white ties. We all voted the attire most becoming. The nights were the worst, for it was impossible to remain indoors, and outside the mosquitoes were lively. Some one proposed a roof party, and we all climbed out on the top of the house, taking cushions and mattresses to make ourselves comfortable. That was not so bad. The young folks sang and told stories, and really seemed to enjoy it. I let the girls stay up until long after midnight, and then we left the young men to their slumbers, for the latter refused to return to their rooms and slept on the roof. Well, everything must come to an end. My house party and the hot wave departed together, and left me resolved never again to entertain in the dog days!"

THE "SOCIETY BEE."

There is a great deal of talk of late years in the newspapers of strange insects and the effect that their bites have on the human constitution, and we have all heard of the fabulous tarantula, whose sting causes its victims to dance in madness. The Scotch expression of "a bee in his bonnet" has become an accepted term for any marked eccentricity, and now we have the "society bee," that numbers its victims by thousands. It is curious the effect that the society bee has on the character. It is undoubtedly very stultifying. A man or woman who has the craze for purely social recognition and prominence is apt to attach such undue importance to the really petty distinctions that their nobler ambitions and aspirations become completely stifled by the parasitical growth that creeps over and destroys the healthful interests of life. This may sound extreme, but it is really curious to note how many clever people appear to feel that to achieve an acknowledged place in the fashionable world is the acme of human good. They will devote time and energy toward an object which they know to be puerile and unworthy of such efforts. To be asked to Mrs. Tiptop's dinners; to be on terms of familiarity with Mrs. Smart and her set; to be intimate with the Cresuses and Midases—in short, to "succeed socially," seems to be the goal which is worth the greatest striving.

Some of the best known symptoms of a person who has been bitten by the "society bee" are as follows: Old friends are forgotten and lost sight of; relatives, if not in the swim, are ignored; scheming and calculation take the place of honesty and loyalty; snobbishness and arrogance of kindliness and true friendship, while every act seems subordinated to the one great object of getting nearer the charmed circle of high society! This may seem an exaggeration, but in thinking over the changed character of some friend who has been bitten by the "society bee" do we not recognize at least some of these characteristics? It is the social aspirants to whom these charges are applicable, and those who wear the purple by natural right note with languid interest the efforts of those who seek their society.

"I took quite a fancy to that little Mrs. Clymber at one time," said one of these great ladies recently. "I used to meet such clever people at her house. She really had the elements of a salon if she had been wise enough to see it. Through some of her relatives she was connected with the stage, and her husband, who was a publisher, knew many celebrated authors, and she herself went with a musical set that was delightful. I always made a point of accepting her invitations, as I felt sure I would meet some one worth knowing. Now that she is what is called socially launched, she has entirely changed her guests, and if I should go to her house now I would meet only vapid, would-be fashionables, whom Mrs. Clymber, with her short sighted policy, fancies to be 'smart'—people whom we know and have to tolerate, but who certainly are not worth the trouble of meeting. It seems a pity that a really clever woman like Mrs. Clymber should have played her cards so badly, and instead of becoming a personage, which she might very easily with her opportunities have succeeded in doing, she is only a quasi-fashionable, who hangs on the skirts of society."

"What has become of young X——?" asked a college professor not long ago. "I always predicted a successful future for that young man. What is he doing with himself?"

"Dancing attendance on Mrs. Topnotch," laughed the person whom he addressed. "He has been bitten by the 'society bee,' goes only with smart people, and has forgotten, or rather appears to forget, his old friends. In the mean while he gets a small salary in some office that pays for his lodgings and his clothes. You might as well give him up. A man that has got into a groove like that never gets out of it!"

WHY PEOPLE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD.

People who are considered haughty and exclusive are often only shy.

"It may seem strange to you," remarked Mrs. A., a wealthy woman, whose social position had been all her life an assured one, "but I never meet strangers outside of my own house without feeling terribly shy and ill at ease. If I am exercising hospitality, this feeling is overcome by my sense of responsibility and what I owe to my guests, but the introduction to a stranger anywhere else is a positive infliction on account of my infirmity."

"How very arrogant Mrs. A. is!" said a newly made acquaintance to the same friend. "I dare say her social position is better than mine, as I am a comparative stranger, but I think it is bad taste for her to show that she feels it so plainly." In this case an explanation was possible, which the good-natured sympathizer hastened to give. The result was that a cordial friendship sprang up between the two women, one of whom had so misunderstood the other. Such friendly interpreters are, however, rare in good society, and many a woman goes through life with the reputation of being supercilious and "snobbish" who is in reality only painfully ill at ease. Self-consciousness, which may almost with Americans be said to be a National fault, so prevalent is it among us, is often called shyness by its victims, whereas really it is only a form of egotism. To be continually thinking of one's self, even in a deprecatory manner, and the effect we may produce on others is even more morbid and unwholesome than the shrinking awkwardness of real shyness, which seeks to forget itself by withdrawal from contact with the world, the resemblance being that both have a fatal effect in our relations with those about us and appear to be equally incurable.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS FOR WOMEN.

"S—— Beach seems an ideal place for children and young people," remarked a society woman who was discussing the merits of several watering places with a view to renting a house for the summer, "but what is there for the married woman to do?"

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed her friend, who was a resident of the place, "we have the most delightful times! We dine out at each other's houses every night, wear our best clothes and afterward play bridge whist. I hear people say we are the best dressed lot of women anywhere. Even at Newport they do not wear better clothes!"

"But what do the husbands do?" said the old-fashioned wife in astonishment at the new order of things. "Surely they are not all away at business during the summer!"

"Oh, you know, they wouldn't enjoy it," returned the other. "Men hate dinners in summer, and, besides, it is much nicer to be by ourselves. I believe they are getting up a club called the married men's club. They say it is in self-defence, but that is all nonsense; they like to be together just as we like to be together."

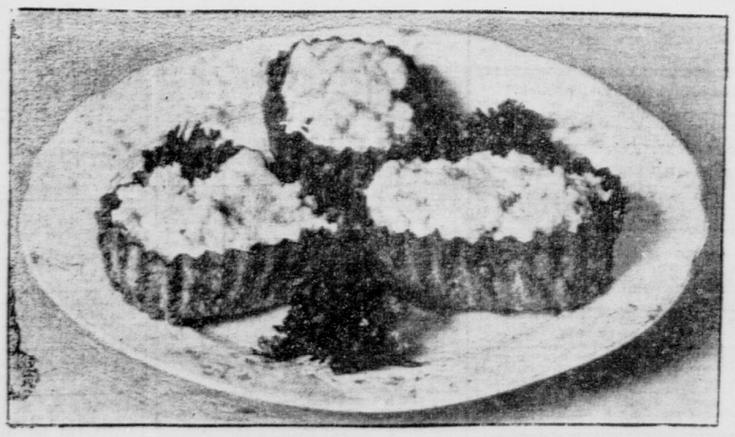
The tendency of women to give social functions exclusively for their own sex is certainly on the increase. Women's luncheons have always been popular, but it is only of late years that evening entertainments composed exclusively of women have obtained vogue. Now, however, women's dinners and card parties are an accepted fact, and are even more frequently given than men's affairs of the same kind. Moreover, as it has always been an undisputed axiom that women dressed for one another much more than for men, the gowns worn at these assemblages are smart and in consequence the latter are exceedingly brilliant. Women's golf tournaments have also brought this feature of the social life of our day into great prominence. In almost every community the golf club represents the best society of the place, and at a women's tournament the entertaining is necessarily almost entirely for women. House parties are given for those who have entered for the tournament, and dinners and luncheons are given in their honor.

"What did we do?" answered a young woman who had been one of a large party of girls at a well known country house during a tournament. "Why, it was just the same as at other house parties, only there were no men, except our host. We had lovely 5 o'clock teas, at which we wore our prettiest tea gowns and had delicious things to eat—such a rest after our arduous days! We had late dinners, too, at which we wore low necked gowns in the usual conventional manner. Of course, we all went to bed early, as we were all pretty tired, but otherwise it was just the same as any other party, except as I said before there were no men. No great loss, either, as we all agreed."

Peach charlotte is a delicious hot pudding suitable for cool summer days. To make it, cut a loaf of bread into rather thin slices and cut them into rounds with a small biscuit cutter. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, and with a fork dip one side of each round into the butter and arrange it at once against the side of a round tin baking dish, buttered side against the dish, allowing the rounds to lap over each other a trifle. Continue the process until the sides and bottom are covered. Pare and cut into small pieces peaches enough to fill the inside. Season with sugar and cover the top with the buttered crumbs from the bread cuttings. Bake until a golden brown, and turn on to a flat dish. Serve hot with hard sauce.

To make peach trifle press ripe peaches through a coarse sieve. Add one tablespoonful of fine sugar to one-half cupful of pulp. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff and dry. Then beat into them thoroughly enough peach pulp to make it light and spongy. Fill bouche cases with the mixture and serve immediately. The cases can be procured at any first class restaurant.

A delicious variation of peach charlotte is made by substituting apple in place of peaches and adding to it chopped almonds and raisins.



PEACH TRIFLE IN CASES.

SCENES AT A SIPI FAIR.

A WIFE MARKET OF NORTHERN INDIA—PECULIAR CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

Some six miles out of Simla, the summer capital of India, at the bottom of a deodar (cedar) shaded ravine, annually takes place a great gathering of hill people. The custom of having this holiday dates back to the time when Simla was a little out of the way place in the woods, and the Sipi fair was an event of real importance to its inhabitants. Even now, chuprassy (messenger) and durwan (doorkeeper), who have sometimes an eye to a wife, are only one degree more eager than Eurasian clerk and British officer to celebrate the occasion, which means a long day for everybody in the lovely pine scented woods of the Mahasu and Mashobra ridges overlooking Sipi.

From earliest dawn on the opening day the road that winds from Simla, with sheer khud side above it and precipices below, through the black tunnel of the Sanjaoli bazaar, and out to the Mashobra cedars, is one long stream of natives in holiday dress. Riding along it one sees the men in clean white turbans and shirt-like chupkans, with the chudder or sheet that wraps their loins fresh from the wash, and iron shod slippers rising into a turned-up point in front and drawn high behind, as if miniature copies of the creaking craft that navigate the Jumna River in the plains below. Nor must one forget the heavy, iron tipped bamboo in each man's hand. The preponderating color, however, is white, against which the gorgeous brilliancy of the native woman's dress stands out in high relief. As one overtakes her from behind one sees only the great mass of carnation pink or gamboge yellow, or, it may be, softest green of the sari's folds, with which this garlic smelling, but withal exceedingly comely person, wraps herself from the top of her shining black hair to just above the bare, twinkling ankles, slung with silver bangles, that surmount little pink dyed feet. The hill woman slouches, and there is no getting over the fact, and, alas! she chews that red astringent abomination they call pan.

The hill girl is not like her purdah hid relative of the plains. For though the sari is supposed to hide her face, as a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind, and big almond shaped eyes, with soft brown irises and black stained lower lids, laugh at the sahib (Englishman) as he passes on his pony, just as they were laughing, a moment before he appeared, in the chatter to husband and sweethearts and brothers that goes on continually on the journey and makes the throng one of the merriest to be found in Northern India.

CURIOUS JEWELS OF THE WOMEN.

As for the woman's ornaments, they are so numerous it is not easy to describe them. Here one must admit that the older and the uglier she is, the more the probability of finding a string of big uncut turquoises round her neck and an amulet of hieroglyphic marked jade above the elbow. What strikes one most, however, is the ring—alas! too often of Birmingham lead or brass, and sometimes three inches across—that tinkles with an assortment of tiny pendants from her dainty nose. From the wrist to the elbow she wears what amounts to almost an armor plating of glass bangles, so many are they and so crammed upon one another, and her fingers glitter with silver rings, while upon her bosom is a whole jeweller's window full of shells and jade.

Then there are the children, wee tinsel and trinket decked mites of sticky greasiness, who are having as good a time as their elders, and whose tongues go, if possible, more rapidly. They sit astride on their mothers' hip or balance in rickety jinrickshaw, a vehicle that has long established itself in these hills, or sway from side to side in dandy, slung below a pole from men's shoulders, or trot contentedly along on their own henna stained toes. Nobody ever hears them crying, though they have the lustiest of hill lungs for shouting, when their mouths are not too full of sweetmeats and laughing.

LADAKHI WOMEN AT THE SIPI FAIR, IN NORTHERN INDIA.

Then there are ragged urchins, with chubby fingers tight clutched on a live rat snake they have been given to show to passers by—always with a view to ultimate pice—for pice make the lever that moves the hillman's world. Then there is the more orthodox snake charmer, whom one sees mixed in the gigantic coils of a slow moving spotted python (rock snake), fifteen feet long, or playing with a hooded cobra that sits up out of a basket at his elbow, so close to the path that one has an uncomfortable feeling in the calf of one's leg as one goes by.

Overhead the sun strikes down as only Indian sun can strike, the fiercer for the clear, rare mountain air that, cold and crisp itself, does but conduct the rays the better.

PICTURESQUE FEATURES.

And presently one gets past the bare, scorching rocks and the pines cast their shadow on the way, and the creepers and wild roses droop overhead and ferns and mosses poke through the stones, and all of a sudden a cuckoo strikes up quite near, and the note gives one a little homesick tug at one's heart as one realizes that it is something apart from the cruel squeal of the Himalayan kite and the thankless caw of the carrion crow that represent bird life about bare Sanjaoli.

Then comes the Mashobra bazaar, with its flies and dust, and little open sheds along the wayside, where grain and sweetmeats and ghee (clarified butter) are retailed. Further on the road becomes a path, which in places is also a dry torrent bed of rough, broken stones, and one begins to climb down to Sipi. Here the crowd is thicker, and from below comes up a confused murmur of shouting and tomtoms (native drums), and the long drawn hoot of an occasional conch shell, and with it all a smell which is partly of dust and partly of humanity, and of cooking, and a good deal also of wood smoke.

Yet thicker grows the crowd as one descends past the spring where brass lotahs are being filled and fires are lighted for a meal. And presently one is in the midst of the fair, pushing through a good natured throng. There, opposite, is the elephant of the Rajah of Koti, painted and decked for the occasion, with half a dozen favored guests upon its back; and all down one side is a great swinging forest of native merry-go-rounds, each carrying four scaffoldlike arms, with platform to hold two people, slung from the end, so as to rise in the air as the great wheel revolves, some two hundred people in all being thus accommodated, swain and his fiancée, father and daughter, mother and babies, swung high together, to descend on the far side and repeat the giddy process more times than seasick spectator can comprehend.

And crammed among the deodar trunks are snakes and monkey shows, little gambling circles and booths and tents, filled for the most part with the cheapest Birmingham ware, with here and there, however, some treasure of Himalayan handicraft or Tibetan mine—a deep toned elephant bell or string of great rough turquoises—things that are alone worth the journey to Sipi to get a chance of purchasing. On the hillside, looking down upon the scene and close guarded by their men folk, sit tier behind tier of women and girls, brought there partly to see the fun, and partly, no doubt, in connection with that eternal question of the spinster—namely, the finding of a suitable mate.

Not many years ago the wife market of Sipi was managed on more barbaric lines, and women were bought and sold without the formalities that now obscure what is much the same transaction in hillmen's lives. Sometimes, it is said, the woman was her own auctioneer, and prices in these cases ran high, the successful bidder starting matrimonial life indebted, financially as well as morally, to the woman of his choice. In others, parents and relatives were the gainers. But now one sees nothing of any such transaction, and the irreverent subaltern's inquiry as to the price of a bank full of giggling hill maidens is met with the disdain it deserves.

It is not only as a great country fair that the gathering is remarkable. It has also a religious basis. Below where the booths are set up is a wonderful carved woodwork erection, something between Swiss châlet and hen coop in structure, where the hill priest officiates. Given rain before the gathering occurs, this functionary is chiefly of importance as the recipient of certain dues and tolls. Supposing the year to be dry, however, and the showers that are essential at this season for the hill millet crop absent, he becomes a personage of supreme import. The rites he then superintends may be obscure, but not a cultivator in the State of Koti doubts their efficacy. They include the bringing out of a carved box, that might almost be the Ark of the Covenant. It is decked with streamers, and placed upon the shoulders of half a dozen chosen envoys, who parade it about the fair, and sway the while with a dipping motion that brings the streamers to the ground, first on one side and then on the other, to simulate rain. Mysterious chants are raised, and offerings are made meanwhile. Curiously enough, if one asks the oldest resident of Simla, he will say it always rains on the Sipi fair day, so the simple hill man may be excused for the faith that is in him, as he goes back to his fields minus his pice, but with the certain hope that his millet crop will be watered to provide food for himself and his family throughout the rest of the year. Failing this he takes service as a jhampani (propeller of a jinrickshaw) in Simla, and holds that the six or seven rupees a month he thus earns is the equivalent of the showers that Khudda (God) has given him, only in different form from rain. So the hill priest's dues are again paid when the time for them comes round, and thus the fair thrives.

A MODERN UTOPIA.

DAILY LIFE AT THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST COMMUNITY—METHODS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

In the "fruit belt" of Georgia, twelve miles from the city of Columbus, is a Christian Socialist community whose town is called Commonwealth and whose principles and methods carry out the name. The community life seems nearly ideal and is calculated to make the struggling housekeeper of the city, striving to live on $1,000 a year as if she had $6,000, turn green with envy.

All properties except such as are designed by nature for personal and individual use are owned by the company, which is an incorporated society. Individuals retain ownership of their household goods, clothing and other personal effects, but the spirit of brotherhood prevailing distributes these things as occasion requires. If a family is beginning housekeeping, contributions of such things as are wanting are made by those who have them to spare, not by any official suggestion or company rule, but out of family affection. All industries are carried on co-operatively and products distributed according to the needs of each individual. No wages of any kind are paid, but neither are any bills presented for rent, service, board, lights, fuel, books or anything whatever.

An Executive Board of eleven members, elected annually by the members of the company, is the agent of the company for the management of its affairs.

Families live in individual cottages that are the property of the commonwealth, but the occupants practically own them for use as long as they are members of the community. They may improve them, plant trees and gardens and in any way make them as beautiful as their own taste and the resources of the community permit.

The families either take their meals in the common dining room, have the cooking done in the common kitchen and served at home or receive their supplies from the commissary and do their own cooking at home. Single people generally prefer the common dining room and families with children the home service.

HOW WORK IS DIVIDED.

"One afternoon every week the women meet, and over a cup of tea adjust the duties to be performed," says Derrill Hope in "The American Kitchen Magazine." "To one is given charge of the department of sewing; she receives all the making and mending, and makes distribution of the work among those assigned to her assistance. Others are appointed to the laundry, the dining room service, housework, etc., and one is chief of the culinary department. These assignments are not made by vote or formal appointment, but by mutual agreement. The representative of the Board submits to the weekly meeting a schedule prepared from careful consideration of the fitness of each for the labor assigned, and this schedule, with or without alteration, as may be found mutually satisfactory after free discussion, is adopted by common consent, not for any definite term, but for as long as it may seem to be the most just and efficient distribution of labor. The aim is to assign to each the work which her circumstances, training and abilities render least burdensome, and, as far as possible, that which she most likes to do. Co-operation has not yet been long enough established to have abolished hard work, but in proportion as the spirit of altruism prevails the drudgery of it is overcome.

"When the consideration of domestic affairs does not fully occupy the time of the women's meeting, an impromptu literary programme is introduced, and an hour spent with one of the great masters in literature or art.

"The culinary department involves the heaviest responsibility, and the pecuniary circumstances and pioneer conditions under which the community has labored add very greatly to this weight. The Christian commonwealth movement arose from no fanatical impulse, but from the strong and simple desire to live a real and natural life. The promoters were not wanting in sound judgment and knowledge of affairs, and entered upon the new life knowing that without a larger capital severe privations must be endured.

"The teaching of the movement is that all life is divine and all that touches it sacred; that 'every common vessel in the house of the Lord is as the bowls before the altar,' and the human body the temple of the living God. The best things are sought—the best thoughts, the best cookery, the best service, the best homes, the best affections—and temporary privations and discomforts of the severest were borne with fortitude that permanent benefits might be secured, not because it was believed that it is well pleasing to God to make human life bare and rigid.

IN THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

"The difficult problem of the culinary department has been, in view of all this, to prepare the most nourishing and palatable foods possible out of such materials as could be provided, the ideal constantly pressing the question of what is best for the healthful and clean development of the physical man while necessity prescribed the limits of selection.

"Some valuable discoveries and triumphs of skill have been obtained under this pressure. Experiments were made in the use of cottonseed oil as a substitute for lard, largely at the suggestion of economy, with the result that it is now much preferred to the animal fat on account of its superiority both in taste and healthfulness. It was found to make the lightest and most delicious biscuits and even to take the place of butter in cakes. For frying it is considered in every respect preferable to lard, and, being a vegetable oil, can be used more lavishly without compunction of conscience or anxiety for health. Commonwealth griddle cakes made of cornmeal without milk or eggs, fried crisp and brown in this pure product of the sunny fields, cannot be surpassed.

"Peanuts, which are an abundant product of the section, form an important part of our menu, prepared in various ways, and have proved most wholesome, palatable and nutritious. They also enter into the social life of the colony. In the absence of a machine for shelling the nuts, this tedious operation is accomplished by means of the pleasant device of a weekly peanut party. Every Friday evening the tables are cleared in the big dining room, and the colonists, gathered around them, spend the evening shelling peanuts and entertaining one another with stories, readings, music or in general conversation. The next day the nuts are ground and the butter divided among the various households.

"Under the management of Miss Lucy Fay, the culinary department has become famous for its soups. A new soup was served every dinner for ten days or more last summer, until it became the daily excitement to guess what the soup of the day would be, and the cooks held an impromptu reception in the kitchen after every dinner.

"The community is not vegetarian. It stands for no ism, commits itself to no fad or theory, but with broad vision and earnest purpose seeks the natural life of the sons of God. There are vegetarians among us, and the prevailing sentiment is that the sustenance of the race, as its evolution progresses and the resources of nature are developed, will be drawn less and less from the animal kingdom until the eating of flesh will be abolished; but there is no disposition to dictate or prescribe to individuals in any such matters."

Children's Corner

SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDERS.

If the world were not so full of "little Miss Muffets" the children would know more about spiders, as there are really no more interesting insects to study. But as soon as the spider will sit down beside her, then Miss Muffet runs frightened away.

Now, what she ought to do is to sit perfectly still and watch the spider, and take note of the interesting things it will do. If it is the common garden spider it will soon suspend itself by a silken line or travel across a cable bridge to the nearest twig or branch.

It is a familiar sight to Miss Muffet who takes early morning walks to come upon the lines or webs of the gossamer spider, a silken network, studded with dewdrop diamonds, spread over hedge and field. These gossamers serve as balloons to the spiders, and the apparent flight of this wingless insect from tree to tree, across water and even through the upper regions of air has been almost as great a puzzle to naturalists as the fly's walk on the ceiling.

When the weather is dry, warm and still, some spiders will be seen hanging motionless, head downward, in the centre of their wheel-like webs lying in wait for prey, while others, at the top of the blades of grass or rail posts, are patiently waiting for a rising breeze to assist them in shooting their lines high into the air. As these silver threads are carried aloft the spiders go along with them, and after a while the threads are brought together by the action of the upper air, and gradually assume the shape of fleecy flakes, composed of irregular silky masses. When the upward current ceases they fall to earth again, and numerous winged insects are found entangled in them.

Other webs for Miss Muffet to study are those large, white sheets, sloping downward into tunnels, numbers of which are so frequently seen spread out upon the grass and lower bushes. These webs serve as a house to the spider, who, sitting near the mouth of the tunnel, and shaded by the darkness of the covered way, is ready to rush forth and seize the first unfortunate insect to become entangled in the fatal web.

Then there are the spiders who make their houses in curled up leaves. Often these leaves are used by the mother spider, who is keeping a tender watch over a bagful of eggs.

An interesting variety is the diving spider, and perhaps Miss Muffet has often seen shining through the water a little globe, apparently of silver, which forms the perfectly dry apartment of the diving spider, in which, like a mermaid or a sea nymph, it resides in comfort, and, unmoved by storms, it devours its prey at ease. It builds its house by first attaching loose threads in various directions to leaves of water plants to form the frame work of its chamber. Over these it spreads a transparent, elastic varnish, like liquid glass. It fills this bubble with air at the surface, and then plunges down to the bottom of the pond, where it is able to breathe for a long time, and feed upon the water bugs.

The origin of the spider makes one of the most interesting stories in the mythology of the ancient Greeks. It is the story of a contest between a goddess and a mortal.

The goddess was Minerva, the daughter of Jupiter, and was called the goddess of Wisdom. She also presided over the arts of spinning, weaving and needlework.

The mortal was Arachne, a maiden so skilful in weaving and embroidery that the nymphs would leave their groves and fountains to come and gaze upon her work.

To watch her as she took the wool in its rude state and formed it into rolls or separated it with her fingers and carded it till it looked as light and soft as a cloud, or twirled the spindle with skilful touch, one would have said that Minerva herself had taught her. But this she denied, and angrily said:

"Let Minerva try her skill with mine, and if beaten I will pay the penalty."

Minerva heard this and was displeased. Assuming the form of an old woman, she went and gave Arachne some friendly advice, saying:

"I have had much experience, and I hope you will not dispute my counsel. Challenge your fellow mortals as you will, but do not compete with a goddess. On the contrary, I advise you to ask her forgiveness for what you have said, and, as she is merciful, perhaps she will pardon you."

Arachne stopped her spinning and looked at the old dame with anger in her countenance.

"Keep your counsel for your daughters or handmaids," said she; "for my part, I know what I say and I stand to it. I am not afraid of the goddess. Let her try her skill if she dare venture."

"She comes," said Minerva, and, dropping her disguise, stood confessed. The nymphs bent low in homage, and all the bystanders paid reverence. A sudden color dyed Arachne's cheek, and then she grew pale.

Then they proceeded to the contest. Each took her station and attached the web to the beam. Then the slender shuttle was passed in and out among the threads. Both worked with speed, and her each wove a wonderful picture. Arachne filled her web with subjects chosen to show the failings and errors of the gods. Minerva was forced to admire the work, but felt angry at the insult, so she struck the web with her shuttle and rent it in pieces. She then touched the forehead of Arachne and made her feel her guilt and shame so much that she went and hanged herself.

Minerva pitied her as she saw her hanging by a rope.

"Live, guilty woman," said she, "and that you may preserve the memory of this lesson, continue to hang, you and your descendants, to all future times."

She sprinkled Arachne with the juices of aconite and immediately her hair came off, and her nose and ears likewise. Her form shrank up and her head grew smaller yet. Her fingers grew to her sides and served for legs. All the rest of her was body, out of which she spun her thread. Now when we see the spider suspended in this way we know it is in the same position as Arachne was when transformed by Minerva.

FIDDLE-DEE-DEE.

There was once a bird that lived up in a tree.
And all he could whistle was "Fiddle-dee-dee"—
A very provoking, unmusical song.
For one to be whistling the summer day long.
Yet always contented and busy was he,
With that vocal recurrence of "Fiddle-dee-dee."

Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,
That weird iteration repented him sore;
"I prithee, dear mother, [illegible] me my gun,
For, by our St. Didy, the deed must be done
That shall presently rid all creation and me
Of that ominous bird and his 'Fiddle-dee-dee.'"

Then out came dear mother mine, bringing her son
His awfully truculent little red gun;
The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,
The "bang" it came out where the bullet went in—
The right kind of weapon, I think you'll agree,
For slaying all fowl that go "Fiddle-dee-dee."

The brave little soldier quoth never a word,
But he drew up and drew a straight bead on the bird;
And while that vain creature provokingly sang,
The gun it went off with a terrible bang.
Then loud laughed the youth—"By my battle," cried he,
"I've put a quietus on 'Fiddle-dee-dee.'"

Out came then dear mother mine, saying, "My son,
Right well have you wrought with your little red gun.
Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,
With such a brave soldier as you, my love, here."
She kissed the dear boy. (The bird in the tree
Continued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee.")
—(Eugene Field.

Dear Children's Corner: I hope to have more members for our chapter when the girls come back from the country and seashore. I shall send you my picture very soon. I have not decided what to call our chapter yet, for I think the other girls ought to have something to say about the name, although I have suggested that it be called the First Chapter, unless some one selects that name first. Very truly yours, LOUISE D. HANN.
Jersey City, N. J.

Other members enrolled in the Speak Kindly Club are Edith Clara Bell, Brooklyn; Nellie Prindeville and May Prindeville, Chicago, and Lelia B. Bowers and Norma Sturges, North Fairfield, Ohio.

SPEAK KINDLY CLUB.

As an additional reminder to members of the Speak Kindly Club, who wear the bow of forget-me-not blue ribbon, it is thought that a pledge would be helpful, and so the following has been adopted:

I pledge myself to speak kindly to every one and of every one, at all times and in all places.

This should be fastened up in some conspicuous spot, where it may be seen the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

MAY AND NELLIE PRINDIVILLE, MEMBERS OF THE SPEAK KINDLY CLUB.

HIDDEN NAMES OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

To gain—a vowel—a boy's name.
A nickname—a machine.
To strike—name of a grain.
To go forward—a bird.
A vowel—to exist.

METAGRAM.

I am a color; change my head and I become part of a hat; again, and I become a scowl; again, and I become lost at sea; again, and I become larger.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

The initials of these objects, when properly arranged, represent something always found in the Children's Corner.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Square word:

ARNO
REAM
NAVE
OMEN

METAGRAM.

Heat, beat, meat, seat, neat.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Mouth.
Opal.
Niece.
Kate.
Earl.
Young.

Correct answers were received from Gladys Van Deventer, Brewster, N. Y.; Alberta Robinson, Easton, Penn.; Hildreth Adams, Middletown, N. Y., and Montgomery F. Crowe, East Stroudsburg, Penn.

H. P. Cuming sent this ingenious answer to the Riddle-Me-Ree in the Children's Corner of August 5:

Old Father Time, in his circuit, has brought
August again, with its beauties fraught;
And from cricket and katydid falls on the ear
The knell of dear summer, the pride of the year.

GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

A Frenchman said recently, "Let every woman have two hours a day of serious mental occupation, during which the faculties of her mind will regain their balance, all her powers will be systematized, her tired head will be rested, and her good sense and judgment will regain their empire, and peace will dwell in her agitated heart." Every housekeeper knows the truth of his words. The care of the home may be a delightful occupation, but it ought not to exclude every other interest. There can be no happiness for a woman with brain and imagination in a life that limits her to mere domestic drudgery. Every housekeeper should study herself and learn her "one talent"—for she surely has one—and turn to its development as a relief. By so doing she brings added happiness to her family as well as to herself. The least companionable wife is the one wholly occupied by household cares, as all men know in their souls.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

A physician says that diet is of great importance in keeping cool during hot weather. Fish, chicken, vegetables and fruit are the best food. Breakfast should be as light as possible and principally of fruit. Luncheon should consist of a vegetable salad and a light dessert, and dinner should be composed of soup, fish, chicken, vegetables, salads and simple dessert. Salads are especially desirable.

The quantity eaten should be small. Overloading the stomach is even more dangerous in summer than other seasons. Drinking should be on a moderate plan, also, and alcoholic liquors should be absolutely avoided.

A reasonable amount of exercise is beneficial, as it eliminates excess of fat. A half-hour of vigorous exercise in the morning, with lightest possible clothing, followed by a warm bath and a cold sponge, will enable one to endure comfortably the hottest day. A substitute for exercise is a hot air bath, which, however, does not strengthen as the exercise does.

"DOORSTEP HABIT" IN LONDON.

The "entente cordiale" between Great Britain and the United States extends even to the English copying our customs. That the "doorstep habit" is obtaining a hold is proved by a London paper, that says:

"The unusual spectacle of the doorstep of one of the houses in a fashionable square converted into a 'sitting out' room has been filling the local policemen with mild astonishment. The steps were filled with cushions, and cold drinks and cigarettes in the background made a most inviting picture, while a colored troupe performing in the square saw their opportunity and came and discoursed the latest music hall ditties. England is evidently growing more unconventional, and is at last doing things people have done abroad for years, but which nobody dared to do in England."

THE KHEDIVE'S WIFE.

The wife of the Khedive of Egypt enjoys a somewhat novel position among Eastern women as the cherished wife of a devoted husband. It was while the slave of the valid (dowager) Khedivah that the present Khedivah, Ikbal Hanem, won the admiration of the Khedive. She is of the Circassian race, and possessed, it is said, of unusual beauty.

Her management of her household resembles much the European customs. European servants perform the duties, and European governesses instruct her three daughters. She avoids the paints and powders so much in vogue among Egyptian women, and in the matter of dress prefers European clothing. Her progressive ideas have led her to share the education of her children and keep pace with their studies.